

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SQ.

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A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

May 23, 1897.

The weakest spot in every man is where he thinks himself to be the wisest.

EMMONS.

THANKS.

THANK you very much indeed,
River, for your waving reed;
Mr. Sun, for jolly beam;
Mrs. Cow, for milk and cream;
Hollyhocks, for budding knobs;
Foxgloves, for your velvet fobs;
Pansies, for your silky cheeks;
Chaffinches, for singing beaks;
Spring, for wood anemones
Near the mossy toes of trees;
Summer, for the fruited pear,
Yellowing crab and cherry fare;
Autumn, for the bearded load,
Hazelnuts along the road;
Winter, for the fairy tale,
Spitting log and bouncing hail;
Christmas Day, for Mary's child,
Jesus manifest and mild.
But, blest Father, high above,
All these joys are from your love;
And your children everywhere,
Born in palace, lane, or square,
Cry, with voices all agreed,
Thank you very much indeed!

NORMAN GALE.



NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

For Every Other Sunday.

IN THE PROCESSION.

BY OLIVE E. DANA.

IT was a proud moment for Harry Myers, Captain of the Northrop Volunteers, S. of V., when he read to his men the letter he had received from the Commander of the — Post, G. A. R., inviting them to participate in the exercises of Memorial Day, and to march in the procession. It was well that a little chorus of satisfied comment followed the reading of the letter, for his hand trembled as he folded the sheet, and he felt that he could not trust himself to say anything just then.

Every one knew how the invitation had come, — for Harry's uncle was a leading member of the post, and was much interested in the boys' company, besides. He had given Harry and his friends many suggestions, and not a little careful instruction, too, all of which the young captain and his men had faithfully tried to follow. And it was something to know that the colonel had been satisfied with their efforts.

As the murmur of pleased voices died away in the little room they used for an armory, another member of the volunteers arose, — Fred Andrews.

"Mr. President," he said, "I would like to announce to the company that we have in our treasury enough money to pay all bills, provide for the expenses of Decoration Day, and leave us at least ten dollars besides."

Here he was interrupted by applause, and when quiet was restored he had forgotten the words in

which he meant to present the daring suggestion already on his lips, and he hesitated.

He must say it, however, and he went on: "Maybe you fellows don't all know what a lot of flowers it takes to decorate with, and how hard it is to get enough, way up here where the season's so late. Nobody's garden has begun to do anything, and the Relief Corps — that's the women, you know — have had so much to do with helping folks along that they haven't hardly a cent left. Some folks can buy, of course, but some can't; and their relations maybe did as much as anybody's, too. And I move that we use what money we have left for this purpose."

Some one — Fred thought it was Tony Browne — seconded the motion, but it was hardly heard for the eager discussion that began as soon as Fred had done speaking. He had expected dissent, but he had thought more of the boys would have been of his opinion. Somehow, they were very reluctant to vote away their funds for any such use, and all sorts of excuses and demurrers were made.

"I thought we were going to have a flag," said Burt Landers.

"There isn't enough to get the kind we wanted, and we have arranged to hire one for Decoration," explained Fred, meekly.

"We could save it till we could get it," rejoined Charley Adams.

Fred made no reply.

Allen Ray thought they needed a larger drum;

Ned Curtis was in favor of using the money for badges. And so the discussion went on, with agreement no nearer, till some one had the good sense to move a postponement of the vote until the next meeting, an alternative which was promptly accepted by both parties. And as it was already much later than usual, the company quickly dispersed to their homes and beds.

Not all of them to sleep, however. Fred Andrews turned his pillow more than once, or twice, before it presented a "sleepy side."

"If Burt Landers was n't so fierce against it!" he said, in the dark, to himself. "He don't know how 'tis with some folks, — how can he, living up on B — Street, and not knowing any other kind? And he would n't believe a fellow, either. I declare, I don't see what we can do!" But as he turned his unoffending pillow for the fifth time a thought came to him.

"Miss Lucas! She's coming here day after to-morrow, — no, it's to-morrow; and I heard her say Mrs. Landers was quite disappointed because she could n't have her till next week. If I could just get her there, before the meeting, I don't believe but something would happen! And why not? Mother'll be willing, and I'll do the errand myself. That's just the thing!" and with a sigh of relief and satisfaction he turned over once more, and was soon fast asleep.

He was downstairs betimes next morning, however,

and the conference with his mother proved, as he had known it would, altogether satisfactory. He had a troublesome bit of Latin to construe, however, before he could get away, and Miss Lucas's house was on the other side of the town. He found her just about to set out and not at all averse to the change of plan. And Fred walked with her almost to the Landerses' gate, saying, as he lifted his cap with his final good-morning, "Good-by till Tuesday, then, Miss Lucas. I wish I were going to hear some of your war stories to-day, but I can wait, and Burt will have his chance the sooner. Good morning."

He wondered many times that day whether aught of what he had hoped was taking place, — wondered, indeed, if he would ever know. Unless, truly, his stratagem were successful! It was their only hope, he reflected, if a forlorn one.

And meanwhile, Miss Lucas, ignorant that aught was expected of her beside her usual careful cutting and basting and dainty finishing, worked on most of the day quite alone, for Mrs. Landers, though very glad of the change of time, was called in two or three directions, one after the other, and could only give hurried orders, and regret her preoccupation. So that Miss Lucas, herself a sociable body, and a favorite in the village, besides, was glad when after school a light rain sent Burt into the house, and the cheerful fire and her not less cheerful face attracted him to the sewing-room.

"Raining?" she asked, looking up brightly. "Well, better now than next week, to be sure, with General H— to give the oration, too. I heard and saw him two or three times when I was in the hospital. He came in to see the men, I remember, and how pleased the poor fellows were! What days those were for us all! Ah, you lads missed something."

"But you can tell us about them," urged Burt, settling himself comfortably before the fire. "Do!" he pleaded; and Miss Lucas could not refuse.

How fast the moments sped! The mantel clock had measured more than one half-hour, and it was growing dusky in the corners of the room, for the night was cloudy, before either of them remembered time or place. Then, at last she broke off suddenly, and leaned forward, peering out of the window.

Up the street came an old man, bent and tottering.

"Dear me, Uncle Collins ought n't to be out in the rain!" she said disapprovingly. "He's gotten along so far without an illness; he should be more careful,—and his wife just getting around again, too. I did n't say, did I, that one of the men I was telling about was their boy? Yes, it was; he died in my ward. He was a brave lad! And you did n't know they gave three sons, in all? Why, I was over to the cemetery only last Sunday,—they've fixed their lot up very neatly. And the Gills' is next to it. I wonder if they'll make out to get any flowers for Memorial Day. I do hope so! Yes," said Miss Lucas, musingly; "I always said Northrop gave her part, 'a large quota,'—I heard General H— himself say so,—for freedom and the Union." Then, recollecting, and picking up the work that had fallen on her knees,—"If you're going out, won't you tell your mother I'd like to see her a moment about this rushing? She's in the dining-room, I think."

Yes, Burt was going out, almost forgetting to thank Miss Lucas in his haste to get away. But then, he had matters of real moment, as he was persuaded, to attend to, and it was almost six o'clock now, and the meeting was called at half-past seven. They need not wait supper. And he was off.

And when the vote was taken in the meeting of the volunteers it was found that Fred's motion had been carried by a sweeping majority not only, but that some one had offered to defray the other expenses of the company for the day, that there might be sure to be enough for the purpose named.

And that was why, following the gallant little company, with whose movements the most critical could find no fault, and whose discipline even the

real veterans pronounced "very good," there trailed a wagon heaped with flowers of every hue,—flowers from the gardens, from the hillside pastures, from the city florist,—enough, almost, to cover every flag-marked mound.

For Every Other Sunday.

MEMORIAL DAY.

BY MAY MANNERING.

THOUGH years, long years may pass away,
Still we shall keep Memorial Day,
For sailor braves and soldier braves,
And place fair flowers upon their graves.

We'll wave the stars and stripes on high
For men who gave themselves to die
For native land and freedom fair;
With music choice we'll fill the air.

Dear Comrades, rest, your work is done,
The wars are gone, sweet Peace is won.
This holy Peace we'll keep in trust,
With laurel wreaths o'er sacred dust.

May God, our Lord, who rules above,
Fill all the nations with His love,
And brothers keep from deadly strife,
With hands in friendship clasped for life.

For Every Other Sunday.

SUMMER PLAYGROUNDS AND FUN.

BY KATE GANNETT WELLS.

TEN years ago this summer, in Boston, three big carts dumped loads of sand in three places,—Parmenter and Warrenton Street Chapels and the Children's Mission yards,—so that little boys and girls could make sand pies. Some three hundred children had fun digging that year. Last summer one hundred and twenty thousand children were amused in ten playgrounds; for that is what had become of the three sand-heaps piled in these chapel yards, and which grew to occupy some of the school-yards of the city.

As soon as school ends the playgrounds begin in the crowded and poorest parts of Boston. It is ever so much easier to play where one need not be on the lookout for electric cars and horses, as one must do in playing in alleys and streets. Besides, in a playground one has books, toys, puzzles, dumb-bells, nine-pins, blocks, marching, singing, flags, and every kind of game, and two or three pretty grown-up girls, who are called teachers, and who have nothing else to do than to make children have a good time. It really is as good fun as being on a farm, and almost as good as camping out; then it does not cost anything—to the children.

At the end of vacation they have an ice-cream or cake and lemonade feast; or else they have a sale of knitted reins, lamp-mats, folded paper boxes, and other articles they may have made,—if they wanted to,—and give the money to somebody who is poorer than any of them are. It is fun not to do what one does not want to do. But—and this is a big but—all the children must be polite and clean, and not squabble, nor steal bean-bags or rubber balls, hiding them under their jackets. If they begin rude, dirty, quarrelsome, thievish, they end the right way; for these pretty young teachers have a knack at getting them to behave, and the policemen look on, amused to see how easily the young ladies make the children mind. It is just knowing how to do it, and having rules, which are not printed, but which must be obeyed by eighteen hundred boys and girls daily in a playground. Rather a big party to keep agreeable!

In the shady part of the yard—that is, where the

high buildings cast a shadow on the brick pavements, for there are no trees—are the long benches where the boys and girls sit and read. There are always some ten or twenty who are weak or deformed; and these have chairs, and would rather draw on transparent slates than do anything else. Off in another corner ring-toss is played, or the nine-pins are set up. Near them is the sand-heap for the babies. Groups of children sew on pricked cards, which perhaps some Lend-a-Hand Club has sent them. These are cards with outlines of animals, toys, flowers, pricked on them, which the girls, and boys too, stitch from hole to hole with bright-colored worsteds till they have made a picture that they can carry home. Eight thousand such cards were sent one season, yet the children wanted ten times that number.

In the centre of the yard games are played, or there is marching or singing. By the fence is the water-pail and dipper, and a lame boy in charge, who ladles out the water, not spilling a drop. Those who have been in the yard for two or three years are the officers, or helpers, and they insist upon the good manners which are the pride of each playground. And how the old women like to watch the fun from the windows of the neighboring houses! And how the old men linger by the fences! Then the Flower Mission sends flowers. And some policemen think it is a shame the children cannot have peanuts all the time; so they bring hundreds of paper bags filled with them,—and all the shells are swept up. Other people send pictures, books, and children's magazines. Only no one ever gives enough. How can one? If tissue paper comes, paper flowers and hanging decorations are made, and dolls are dressed. Clay-modelling, too, has its young artists.

Sorry are the children when the "play-school" is locked, for then "we have nothing to do," said one of them. The yards are open daily, Sundays excepted, either from 9 to 12 A.M., or from 3 to 5 P.M., according to the way the sun shines upon them. Occasionally there is the luxury of an awning. Surprises are constantly happening; and each yard has its stock of stories and its set of adherents.

In one playground Tim, aged fifteen, styled himself "Captain of the Gang." He had been a terror to the neighborhood, did not go to school, and could not get a situation to work; but the playground suited him. He devoted himself to the teachers, brought out the heavy boxes of toys, and defended the little children from the bad boys with whom he used to train. His equal, however, in good behavior in another yard was "Michael the Archangel," as the boys called him, because he was so very, very good, and learned to prefer reading "Tom Brown" to teasing girls.

Then there was a dear old woman who was poorer than usual, which means much, in still another playground; so some of the girls formed a sewing-circle among their playmates, and made her a bed-quilt.

Sweeping the yards is a gala proceeding, and always begins the exercises, when the rubbish is put in a barrel, and the bricks swept till one could sit down on them without getting dusty. As for the sand-heaps, enclosed in wooden pens, what is there which cannot be done in them! One season Persian history was studied. For "The Fall of Babylon" was going on in the suburbs of the city as a big show; so the boys built the city of Babylon in the sand, put a toy king in the cardboard palace, who was reached by a secret stairway, and placed paper soldiers around him as guards. Each day a battle was fought, and the paper Persians always took the city of blocks.

The children are of all races, and use slang more than Bible texts; yet a Jewish boy, when his teacher told him not to strike his sister, said, "I'll hit her, eye for eye, if she hits me." The Italians are called "Bananas," and one summer were so numerous in a special yard that the American children determined to get even with them. But after making their plans

they heard that President Carnot had been assassinated by an Italian; so they crept away from the yard without daring to fight, lest they too got killed.

Besides the brick playgrounds, there is the grassy one and the sand-pens and the open-air gymnasium at Charlesbank. This is Boston's ideal spot for children. No man, no boy over nine years of age, no dog, can go into it; and all the babies, girls, and women have to enter through the Lodge by a turnstile.

In the Lodge are two large play-rooms for rainy days, and an L where there are spray and tub baths for those who practise in the "Gym." It was queer at first to see how little some of the girls knew about baths. One of them refused to take off all her clothes until it was explained to her that they would get wet; and even then she persisted in wearing her hair-ribbon, which did get very moist, much to her surprise.

Outdoors the Gym is always full, though not more than a hundred can easily be admitted at any one hour; so they take turns. Here are swings, trapezes, flying rings, parallel bars, vaulting-boxes, etc. Those who have not gymnasium suits fasten their skirts between their legs till they look as if they had on Turkish trousers, and then up the firemen's poles they go.

On the playground every afternoon from the middle of May to November are play-classes; but all day long the children can hear stories, play games, do kindergarten work, or study a little botany, sitting on the grass as if they were in the real country, or run races round the circle, or have a good time generally.

They have their small quarrels, but they are very small. One of the worst ones was about clothes. It was a hot day, and Molly wore a pretty new gingham dress, and Lizzy an old thick woollen one.

Said Molly to Lizzy: "I sh'd think you'd be ashamed to wear them rags when it is hot, all 'cause your folks are low-down poor."

Said Lizzy: "You shet up. If my dad can't give me a new dress, 't ain't none of your business. He's nicer than yer dad, anyway."

"No, he ain't, either," retorted Molly; "and yer dress is just horrid."

"Take that," said Lizzy, pushing Molly down on the grass, which turned the new gingham a greenish color.

Then up came a crowd of girls and the teacher to see what was going on, and the enemies were soon reconciled.

Another time one of the older girls who practised in the Gym did wrong where she lived, and was taken to the jail which overlooks one end of Charlesbank to await trial. Then how tender and sad were her playmates! They brought torn magazines, soft candies, withered flowers, crumbling cakes,—anything they could get,—and begged the superintendent of the playground to take them to the girl. When she carried them to her in her cell, the poor child, only sixteen, cried, and the jailer wiped his eyes; and the girl got out of jail, and did not do wrong any more.

So among the two hundred thousand children and women who come and go at Charlesbank there is always a happy and a sad side, only all are happier and better for having a beautiful green place in which to sit and read or play and practise gymnastics. The city supports Charlesbank, and kind friends give the money for the playgrounds, but both Charlesbank and the school-yard playgrounds are under the care of the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Association. Miss Ellen M. Tower, in chief, and other ladies do all they can to make good times for those who would not have them if it were not for these playgrounds, which are really summer schools for morals, manners, handiwork skill, and choice of good reading.

IF I WERE A BIRD.

If I were a bird I would warble a song,
The sweetest and finest that ever was heard,
And build me a nest on the swinging elm-tree;
Oh, that's what I'd do if I were a bird!

If I were a flower I'd hasten to bloom,
And make myself beautiful all the day through,
With drinking the sunshine, the wind, and the rain;
Oh, if I were a flower that's what I'd do!

If I were a brook I would sparkle and dance
Among the green fields where sheep and lambs
stray,
And call, "Little lambkins, come hither and drink;"
Oh, if I were a brook, that is what I would say.

If I were a star I would shine wide and bright,
To guide the lone sailor on ocean afar,
And travellers, lost in the desert and woods;
Oh, that's what I'd do if I were a star!

But I know that for me other tasks have been set,
For I am a child and can nothing else be;
I must sit at my lessons, and day after day
Learn to read and to spell, and to add one, two,
and three.

Yet perhaps by my books I shall some time find out
How the birds sing so sweetly, how the roses grow
red,

What the merry brook says to the moss-covered stones,
And what makes the stars stay so high overhead.

Harper's Third Reader.

ORIGIN OF SOME POPULAR PHRASES.

ONE of the most interesting and profitable studies is that of words, and especially of popular phrases. A great deal of curious history is often wrapped up in them. Let us consider a few of these phrases.

"In spite of one's teeth" is said to date back to the time of King John of England, the violent and odious successor of Richard "the Lion Heart," who was hated by all classes of his subjects for his exactions and impositions. Early in his reign, he got a worthy Jew into his clutches, and drew out one of his teeth daily, until, after a fortnight of torture, the Jew yielded to the tyrant's demands for money.

"Hauling over the coals" refers to a period in the twelfth century, when feudal barons extracted money from the Jews by suspending them above slow fires till they paid a ransom or died.

"Mind your p's and q's" is generally, but erroneously, supposed to have originated in the score of p's and q's (pints and quarts) chalked up in bar-rooms in the case of customers who did not pay down for their drinks. The phrase comes from the printing-office, and is due to the similarity in form of the lower-case, or small p and q, in a font of roman letters, leading a beginner to mix them when distributing type into the cases.

"Turning the tables" on an opponent is an expression derived from the game of backgammon, which in early times was called "the game of tables." To turn the tables, or backgammon board, is to reverse the position of two antagonists, and hence they are said to be turned upon a player whose fortune has been adverse. — *Selected.*

Superstition! that horrid incubus which dwelt in darkness, shunning the light, with all its racks, and poison chalice, and foul sleeping draughts, is passing away without return. Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there, and will reappear.

CARLYLE.

THE STONE IN THE ROAD.

A LONG time ago there lived a king who took great delight in teaching his people good habits.

"Bad luck comes to the lazy and the careless," said he; "but to the busy workers God gives the good things of this life."

One night he put a large stone in the middle of the road near his palace, and then watched to see what the people who passed that way would do.

Early in the morning a sturdy old farmer, named Peter, came along with his heavy ox-cart loaded with corn.

"Oh, these lazy people!" said he, driving his oxen to one side of the road. "Here is this big stone right in the middle of the road, and nobody will take the trouble to move it!"

And he went on his way, scolding about the laziness of other people, but never thinking of touching the stone himself.

Then there came a young soldier, singing a merry song as he walked along. A gay feather was stuck in his hat and a big sword hung at his side; and he was fond of telling great stories of what he had done in the war. He held his head so high that he did not see the stone, but stumbled over it and fell flat into the dust.

This put an end to his merry song; and as he rose to his feet he began to storm at the country people.

"Silly drones!" he said, "to have no more sense than to leave a stone like that in the middle of the road!"

Then he passed on; but he did not sing any more.

An hour later there came down the road six merchants with their goods on pack-horses, going to the fair that was to be held near the village. When they reached the stone the road was so narrow that they could hardly drive their horses between it and the wall.

"Did any one ever see the like?" they said. "There is that big stone in the road, and not a man in all the country but that is too lazy to move it."

And so the stone lay there for three weeks; it was in everybody's way, and yet everybody left it for somebody else to move. Then the king sent word to all his people to meet together on a certain day near his palace, as he had something to tell them.

The day came, and a great crowd of men and women gathered in the road. Old Peter, the farmer, was there, and so were the merchants and the young soldier.

"I hope the king will not find out what a lazy set of people he has around him," said Peter.

And then the sound of a horn was heard, and the king was seen coming toward them. He rode up to the stone, got down from his horse, and said: "My friends, it was I who put this stone here, three weeks ago. It has been seen by every one of you; and yet every one has left it just where it was and has scolded his neighbor for not moving it out of the way."

Then he stooped down and rolled the stone over. Underneath the stone was a round hollow place, in which was a small iron box. The king held up the box so that all the people could see what was written on a piece of paper fastened to it.

These were the words:

"For him who lifts the stone."

He opened the box, turned it upside down, and out of it fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty bright gold coins.

Then every one wished that he had only thought of moving the stone instead of going around it and finding fault with his neighbor. There are very many people still who lose prizes because they think it easier to find fault than to do the work which lies before them. Such people do not usually blame themselves, but think it is all on account of bad luck and the hard times.

W. A. ROGERS.

A SONG OF MAY.

My heart is light with May, with
May,
My heart is light with May!
The sky is soft; the coming birds
Are silent on their way.

The miracle of flower and fruit
Not yet the Lord hath wrought;
But never ripened summer-time
So bright a day hath brought.

For there is promise in the air,
And murmurous prophecy;
All breathless and with lifted arms,
Stand waiting shrub and tree.

To-morrow shall the blossoms glow;
At dawn the birds will sing;
All through the stillness deep I hear
The rushing tide of spring.

My heart is light with May, with
May,
My heart is light with May!
And all the more that coming birds
Are silent on their way.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

Habits work more constantly and with greater facility than reason; which, when we have most need of it, is seldom fairly consulted, and more rarely obeyed.

LOCKE.

PATRIOTISM.

A TRUE patriot, one who really loves his country, will always wish that his country should be great in the true sense of being great. He will not care so much that it has the largest and bravest navy or army, that it has the largest commerce, that it has the biggest ships, or the finest harbors, or the richest cities, and has made the greatest conquests. All these things may be good enough in a way.

It may be well to have an army and navy to defend our land from foreign foes; it is not so well to have that army and navy employed in offensive operations against other people who probably love their country quite as much as we love ours. It may be well to have a large trade with other countries; it is more important that that trade should be conducted honestly and honorably. It may be well that our ships should be thoroughly equipped, and the harbors for them safe and sound, and the cities they serve rich and wealthy; it is more important that in constructing and fitting out those ships the lives of those who go in them should be considered; it is more important that our cities, however wealthy, should be governed with the view of making the lives of those who dwell in them healthy, sweet, and pure. It may be well that we should acquire other lands, so that we may give to them some of the blessings we enjoy, but the way in which we acquire them is very important. No one who really loves his country can do otherwise than grieve if the means adopted are unworthy or contemptible.

He will feel that such means do not raise, but lower his country in the estimation of other nations. So, too, if he finds that there exists in his country a state of things which he would rather hide from sight than let it be known abroad, he will try to get it remedied. Perhaps it may be bad laws, or foolish customs, or dreadful habits which lead to these evil things. He will try to get rid of the causes, whatever they may be. Sometimes in doing this he will give offence to persons whose interest it is to let things be as they are; sometimes, too, it may be necessary to make innocent persons suffer; he will not let this deter him in his purpose, though it may



A BIT OF SPRING.

influence him in his methods. His love for his country will outweigh these considerations.

Try to remember what this love of your country demands of you. It requires your service; it requires your help. Do not be content just as if your only concern was with the few people you know well. That is living a very narrow sort of life. Others call for your help. In helping them you will be helping to make your country better, especially if you can get them to help themselves. Recollect you will soon be citizens of this country of yours. Make it your endeavor to quit yourselves as true citizens should; to rule and to serve the land you love justly, nobly, and well. — RICHARD BARTRAM, in *Addresses and Illustrative Stories.*

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

SPEAK of queen and empress,
Or of other ladies royal,
Not one of them has half the power,
Or subjects half so loyal,
As she, the little schoolma'am,
Who trips along the way
To take the chair she makes a throne
At nine o'clock each day.

Her rule is ever gentle;
Her tones are low and sweet;
She is very trim and tidy
From her head unto her feet;
And it matters very little
If her eyes be brown or blue;
They simply read your inmost heart
Whene'er she looks at you.

The children bring her presents,—
Red apples, flowers galore,—
For all the merry girls and boys
This queen of theirs adore.
The darling little schoolma'am,
Who reigns without a peer
In a hundred thousand class-rooms
This gayly flying year.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Wit is a dangerous weapon, even to the possessor, if he knows not how to use it discreetly.

MONTAIGNE.

For Every Other Sunday.

A SUMMER BOARDING PLACE.

BY LILLIE C. FLINT.

WE had come a long way, across many fields, to reach the woods, where the trees grew tall and stately, with little underbrush to obstruct the way. After climbing a long hill and going half a mile along the road, we had come through a back yard, then by the fences that divided the cultivated fields.

People in the Eastern States fence the corn and potatoes from each other with an astonishing zeal, though for what purpose it would be hard to tell. We had come through fields with masses of tansy and low berry-bushes, so hidden that one did not see them until entangled and pricked by the sharp thorns.

When we were little children, the "woods" were just across the creek, and the sunset threw the shadows of the forest over the front yard.

The world seems much smaller than then, but we walk two miles to get to the "woods" now.

We had brought baskets to fill with ferns of various kinds. We were going to gather big bunches of coral fungus too, and the pale Indian Pipes, for we knew where they always grew; then we would dig up the Indian cucumber, with its thick whorl of leaves, and taste and smell of the little oblong bulb that gets its name by having the precise odor of a cucumber.

Before doing this we sat down at the edge of the woods to rest and to look down the slight slope through the tall, restful trees. We were near a stump from the side of which grew a prickly gooseberry bush. The fruit was ripe and the prickles soft, and I began to gather and eat them with a relish that had not much diminished since my younger days.

As we got up to go farther into the woods, the other side of the stump came into view, and close to it was a heap of gooseberries with the pulp sucked out. It was a curious sight, and one could not imagine by what it had been done. Squirrels or woodchucks do not eat gooseberries. The fruit had been daintily eaten; only one side of the berry had been broken, and the pulp had been removed with such care that the skins still retained their round form.

There were about two quarts of the skins, all piled together in one place. I looked in every direction, and at last sat down to contemplate the remains of the feast which, it seemed to me, could have been made by neither beast nor bird. I was rewarded, for I had not been seated a minute before there was the slightest stir in the hollow of the stump back of the gooseberry skins, a tiny head, the size of my thumb, worked its way up about two inches from the ground, seized a gooseberry, sucked it, and dropped it on the ground with the others.

But it caught a glimpse of me, and his snakeship slipped back into the hole in the stump. It was well worth coming two miles to see.

Whoever regards the early history of Christianity will perceive how necessary to its triumph was that fierce spirit of zeal, which, fearing no danger, accepting no compromise, inspired its champions and sustained its martyrs.

BULWER LYTTON.

The tongue is, at the same time, the best part of man and his worst; with good government, none is more useful, and without it, none is more mischievous.

ANACHARSIS.

USEFUL SCOT.

A VERY good dog he is, and a useful dog, too,— does his work just like a man!" Hearing this about a dog excited my curiosity, and being desirous of knowing more, the speaker kindly gave me the history of "Useful Scot." His master, living some miles away from a railway station, often wondered how he could obtain his daily paper early in the morning. No carriers came near the house, and to make a special journey on horseback would interfere too much with the daily work of the farm. He remembered that at one part of the railway the train passed within a mile and a half of the house. Could he use Scot to go and fetch the paper if the guard threw it out just at that spot? Scot was only a young dog, but he determined to give him a trial; so he arranged with the bookseller at the station to have the paper ready each morning for the guard, and with the guard to throw it out at the proper place.

Scot seemed to wonder next morning— after going for a walk with his master and enjoying himself, running from side to side and all sorts of ways, as collie dogs do— why he should be standing still by his master's side on a railway embankment. The train, with a shrill whistle, ran around the curve. Scot started and was about to dash away, when his master gave the word "Steady!" On came the train with a great rush, and just as it was passing them the guard threw out the paper. Scot soon knew what to do, and with a little encouragement he picked it up, and off they went for home. For three mornings following he had a lesson, and the next he was sent alone; at ten minutes to eight by the old clock his master showed him a newspaper, saying at the same time, "Off you go, Scot." After one inquiring look, as much as to say, "Are you not coming, sir?" he bounded off and frisked happily away on his errand. He was at his post in good time, waiting patiently, and when the old guard saw him alone, he looked anxiously back to see how the dog would behave.

He soon had the paper, and was running back home with all his might, and when he reached there, what a fine reception he had— how proud he felt— to have the patting and congratulations of the whole household!

After a time he became so confident and pleased with his morning's work that he would frisk about the line waiting to catch a sight of the guard's face, for they knew each other quite well now. Once in his excitement he got on the rails, and but for the engine driver sounding his whistle loudly, might have been killed. It was a serious lesson to him, and although he has been at his work for many years, he has never since ventured near the rails, but waits like a man quietly on the embankment until the train comes.

Anywhere within miles of his home, you are sure to hear the people talk of this noble dog. As for the family at the farmhouse, they cannot praise him enough; His master says he would lose any one of his cattle or horses rather than "Useful Scot."

A SPRINGTIME.

O BLOSSOMS that hang like winter,
Drifted upon the trees,
O birds that sing in the blossoms,
O blossom-haunting bees,

O green, green leaves on the branches,
O shadowy dark below,
O cool of the aisles of orchards,
Woods that the wild flowers know:

O air of gold and perfume,
Wind, breathing sweet and sun,
O sky of perfect azure,—
Day, Heaven and Earth in one!

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.



For Every Other Sunday.

FRANKIE'S MEMORIAL DAY LESSON.

BY AUNTIE BETH.

COME, my little son, the stores won't be open very long this morning. I want you to get me some eggs."

"Yes, pretty soon, mamma; I jus' want to fasten this badge to my jacket. Sammy Nye and Walter Barry and me are goin' to follow the soldiers to West Street Cemetery this morning, and we want to look kind o' military."

After five minutes, Mrs. Hicks said again, "Come, come, Frankie; the stores will be closed before you get those eggs, I'm afraid. If your badge is n't fastened yet, you must wait and fix it, after my errand is done."

Frankie said "Yes 'm," but did n't stir.

His papa sat reading the paper, but the little boy did n't see the sharp eyes that peered at him over the top of the newspaper. All at once his father said, "Frank!"

At that up jumped Frankie, and ran for his cap, while his mother took up a little basket.

"No, I'd rather not take that, mamma. I can bring a dozen eggs in a paper without breaking them, and I hate carrying a basket." So off he ran to do things his own way.

At the corner of the street, along came Sammy Nye.

"Oh, Frankie," he exclaimed, "you oughter see Aunt Nabby's cabin! It's all stuck around with little flags, and strings of red, white, and blue, jus' the funniest sight you ever saw."

Frankie was going to say something about eggs, when Walter Barry skipped up.

"Oh, say, we fellows oughter run straight for the square!" began Walter, a little out of breath; "some of the men say they're goin' to start earlier 'n usual, and the soldiers are most all out a-ready. Come on, hurry up! We won't be in time to see the percession unless we run."

"They always get up a scare 'bout startin' early," answered Sammy Nye; "but we better be on the way. Let's go round by Aunt Nabby's little shanty; 't is n't any farther, and 't would most make a hen laugh to see the way she's got it tricked out."

Off ran the three little comrades, all thoughts of his mother's errand gone from Frankie Hicks's mind.

Aunt Nabby, an old colored woman, was tottering about putting her few plants outside the cabin door where the soldiers would be sure to see them when they passed. She nodded with a wide, pleasant grin at the merry little shavers who were smiling broadly at the flags and strips of bunting around the narrow little door. She thought them smiling with delight.

"Looks right pert, doan't it, neow?" she said, as the boys came up. And the string of little giggles with which they looked at the queer flourations made poor simple Aunt Nabby very happy. She said, "Oh, it takes a passel o' young gemman to know what's what! And I never misses takin' gret notice o' Memo'ral Day, course I does n't!"

The poor old face grew sober as Aunt Nabby said the last words. At this the little boys wondered, and Frankie Hicks said smartly:—

"Ho, great she knows 'bout Memorial Day! She jus' hears white people talk of it, so she thinks it's the right thing to poke flags round her door, and put bits of red, white, and blue everywhere."

"Well, that's the best she can do," said Sammy Nye. "My father says when grown-up folks or chil'ren do the best they can, they're all right anyway."

"Why, cert'nly," said Frankie, with a smile that looked indulgent and wise.

At dinner, Frankie was so full of all he had seen, that his tongue ran, as grandma said, "like a little mill-clapper;" but Frankie only laughed, and his tongue ran on.

"Lots o' people noticed our badges," said Frankie. "I got mine pinned on all right; and this afternoon, Sammy and Walter and me, we're goin' to take our play guns and go paradin' on the sidewalk like soldiers. And, papa, may I take grandpa's Grand Army belt? I can double it way over."

"No, certainly not!"

Dear, dear, how sober Papa Hicks did look, and how stern! He was usually all smiles and kindness on a holiday; what could it mean?

"But we want to look like soldiers," persisted Frankie, in a grieved voice. "Ev'rybody notices to-day in some ways. Oh, you oughter seen old Aunt Nabby's cabin!"

And off went the boy into a description of the decorations around the little house. Then he came back to the parade of the afternoon; and although his father still looked sober, he asked:—

"Papa, why can't I take grandpa's belt? I want it awfully."

"I don't think you'd better play soldier, my boy."

"Why, why not?"

"Because you have n't the first idea of what makes a good soldier."

"Why, Papa Hicks!"

Frankie, as our little friends must see, had so good an idea of himself, that to have his great tall papa, of whom he was so proud, say such a thing as that of him made him wonder what he could mean.

They had got up from the dinner-table, and as Mr. Hicks went to the library, Frankie followed him.

"The first thing a soldier has to learn is to obey," said Mr. Hicks, without smiling; "and I should n't like to see my good father's white army belt on a boy who doesn't seem to know how to obey his mother."

Then Frankie thought of the eggs.

"Oh, I forgot 'bout mamma's errand," he said, looking sheepish, and not speaking in a smart voice at all; "I did n't mean to."

"It would n't have done for poor old Corporal Hobbins to have said that he forgot his orders once upon a time," said Mr. Hicks, eying Frankie steadily.

"Corporal Hobbins?" asked Frankie. "Is n't old Aunt Nabby's name Hobbins?"

"Yes, and the corporal was her husband, who has been dead nearly thirty years. He was a brave soldier during the war. A corporal is a soldier with a low rank in a company, and once when Nat Hobbins was sent on an errand by one of the higher officers he was told plainly there was great danger in going to and fro.

"It is simply my duty to obey," said Uncle Nat, respectfully touching his cap, "and I am ready." He

started out, did the errand faithfully, and so helped 'save the day,' as soldiers call it, which means his prompt obedience led to a day's victory; but on the way back to headquarters he was hit by a stray shot, and although they managed to get him home alive, he died soon after in that little cabin you saw hung with flags and bunting to-day. The government gives Aunt Nabby a pension, and that, with what kind people give her, makes her comfortable. But the poor old soul missed the ice-cream mamma meant to have sent her to-day. She is too old to go to the cemetery any longer, but on Memorial Day we always send her something nice."

"Oh, papa, did mamma mean to make ice-cream and let me take some to Aunt Nabby?"

"Certainly she did. But a certain little man—no, not a little man, but a certain little boy—ran off for eggs and forgot his mother's little order, so we all had to go without ice-cream; but then, Master Frankie had his sport for all that."

"I'm awful sorry," said Frankie; and now the tears seemed to be just back of his voice, and he looked so forlorn his loving father began to pity him.

"I ain't fit to wear grandpa's army belt," said the boy; and now he was so very humble there was no doubt that his lesson for the day was doing him good. "We laughed at Aunt Nabby's decorations," he went on, "but we did n't know 'bout her husband. Oh, papa," Frankie all at once brightened up, "don't you s'pose if 'stead o' playin' soldier this afternoon we went to the cemetery over north, then went to see Aunt Nabby and told her 'bout the services, she'd like it very much?"

"Yes, I think it would please her greatly. Uncle Nat Hobbins's grave is over in the old cemetery, as I suppose you imagined."

"Oh, goody! and p'raps mamma 'll let me take over some oranges for Aunt Nabby. I'd just as liefs lug them as not. I'll run and see."

The kind mother very willingly forgave her boy his carelessness when she saw how repentant he was, and this time Frankie took the little basket, for on top of the oranges were some fine little cakes with frosting on them. Then off ran Frankie to find Sammy Nye and Walter Barry.

It did n't take Frankie long to tell his friends all about "Uncle Nat Hobbins," and both the boys had a little bundle of goodies to carry to the cabin.

Chaplain Warren made some beautiful remarks at the North Cemetery, and stood right in sight of Corporal Hobbins's little lot. And if he did n't say almost the same thing that Frankie's papa had said about its being a soldier's first duty to obey; and then the good chaplain went on to show that it was every one's first duty to obey,—children must obey their parents, and every one must obey the kind Father in heaven.

Aunt Nabby was so delighted to see three nice little boys trooping into her cabin to remember a poor old colored woman that she grinned fearfully; but when the little lads told what the chaplain had said, standing quite near "Corporal Hobbins's grave," the poor old body kept wiping her eyes with a big clean red and yellow handkerchief, and saying, "Bress de good Lawd, honey; bress de good Lawd!" and then she added, "Well, de chaplain tell de troot. Dar would n't a-been no sech country as we has to-day ef it had n't a been fo' de obe'dence ob de po' sojers. Mar's Warren know dat de troot fo' sho'!"

"There, you see it is the same story, no matter who tells it," Mr. Hicks said when Frankie repeated Aunt Nabby's words. "She says truly there is no knowing where our country would be to-day but for the faithfulness and obedience of our soldiers."

"Well, what Chaplain Warren said was splendid, papa. It made a boy want to be obedient and good; I sha'n't forget it very quick."

"That is one of the chief uses of Memorial Day, my boy. Why do we honor the memory of our sol-

diers, the highest and the lowliest alike when the day comes?"

"Because they obeyed and didn't forget to," Frankie replied, boy fashion. "And if I'm alive next Memorial Day, I mean to be the kind of a boy that can wear grandpa's Grand Army belt and not feel 'shamed to, and—and—you can go on and call me a little man, too!"

For Every Other Sunday.

MAPLE SEEDS.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

Under the green leaves
Somebody swings,
Stretching and straining
Two little wings.

"Wait," pleads the mother-tree,
Coaxing and mild,
"You must not leave me,
Rash little child."

Under the red leaves
Somebody swings;
Stout is the little heart,
Strong are the wings.

"Come!" shouts the trumpet-wind,
"Cold days are nigh;"
Cheerily calls he,
"Mother, good-bye!"

Brave little maple-seed
Soars to the sky.

For Every Other Sunday.

QUEEN OF MAY.

BY L. EUGENIE ELDRIDGE.

THE dream of Maid Marian's life at length came true, and Marian was chosen by her young mates queen o' the May.

But her mother was ill when May Day dawned, and the maid had decided it would be an undutiful daughter that would leave her lonely and comfortless for the "Maying," and settled upon a little plan all her own. It was a happy thought, and there was no sign of disappointment in Maid Marian as she unfolded it.

She would go to the near woods in the very early morning while her mother was yet sleeping, and "bring home the May," as it was called, at sunrise.

Some of the neighborhood children too young for the real Maying-party had promised to go with her.

Thus the mother would not be without her little nurse through the long day, nor would the daughter miss all the pleasures of Maying.

The nights in Merry England at this season of the year grow to a narrow band of darkness between the evening and morning twilight, and though it was but little after midnight when Maid Marian gathered her small clan, yet the first faint streaks of gray dawn were seen in the eastern sky as they started for Shooter's Hill where loveliest hawthorns grew.

All around this pretty summit the flowers grew in rich abundance, mingling rose and white as Nature alone can blend.

Eagerly they gather till arms and hands can hold no more, then seated upon the soft fresh grass, with which springtime carpeted the earth, Maid Marian with deft fingers quickly wove the flowers into wreaths and garlands that would have delighted elves and fairies of story-book lore.

And we may imagine such a dutiful maid reserved the very finest and fashioned a crown for her own dear mother who should be her May-queen.

But the east was growing bright with pink-faced clouds. The god of day was near. This Maying party must away; and gathering their goodly burden of fragrant treasures they turn homeward, when the sound of approaching footsteps startles them.

Suppose it should be Robin of the Wood, thought the young maids, as they drop behind a hawthorn hedge, when, in very truth there came toward them a troop of oddly-bedight and green young woodsmen with Robin himself at their head. On they come, singing to the music of tabor and of horn.

They cannot be mistaken. Too often have they seen them pictured, and heard them described in folk-lore songs and fireside stories.

So nervous and tremulous do they become that the rustling branches betray them, and the sharp eyes of Robin spy the flower-laden sprites. "Aha! whom have we here?" he cries. But seeing their fright he hastens to quell their fears, assuring them that neither Robin nor his men have power to harm woodland nymphs.

But soon again music breaks upon their ears. Robin himself seizes a horn, and gives an answering blast, leading his gay party to meet the approaching band, whoever they may be.

Maid Marian and her young friends are all forgotten now, but they have a glimpse of a gay cavalcade of lords and ladies.

Perhaps you would like to know a little about this procession, although, as you have doubtless guessed, it all happened hundreds of years ago.

At the head rode Queen Catherine of Aragon, her large dark eyes and smiling mouth showing her enjoyment of the scene, her face surrounded with masses of beautiful black hair, and no shadow of the dreadful future about her.

By her side was Mary, sister of the king, beautiful and happy bride of the Duke of Suffolk, for Miss Agnes Strickland tells us that this lady made what royal families seldom do—a love match.

Many others were there, all richly and gayly dressed, —a brilliant scene that the young maids will never forget their lives long. Then they saw them meet Robin and his men without fear, and gracefully accept their invitation to "enter the good green woods and see how outlaws live."

Heard Robin ask, "if the queen and her damsels would venture in a thicket with so many outlaws."

Heard her answer that, "where his majesty, the king went, she was content to go."

Then Robin was the king! His gracious majesty! They were overwhelmed by this astonishing and astounding discovery.

They fled to their homes with the tale of wonder. But if they had lingered a little longer they might have seen the queen placed on a rustic throne, crowned Queen of May, afterwards led by her lord—the king—to a sylvan bower where a breakfast of venison had been spread. And they might have added the story of the games and pageantry that followed, to their wonder tale, for all this is true about Queen Catherine and her ladies going a-Maying with the king, Henry VIII., from the palace of Greenwich to Shooter's Hill; but I cannot say that the story of Maid Marian ever appeared in orthodox history.

But I have no doubt there were good little girls in those days, unselfish and willing to minister to an invalid mother or sister, as well as in these.

To be queen of May is a fine honor, but to possess a loving heart is greater.

THE BAGPIPE.

THE bagpipe of Scotland is the only instrument of which it may be said that it is distinctly national. The violin, the flute, the horn, and other instruments are common to many nations, but the bagpipe is peculiar to Scotland; and although it does not now occupy the position it once did, it is found in no other country.

In the days when the notorious Rob Roy committed his depredations; when the Vich Ian Vohrs lived securely in their Highland fastnesses, and kept up their dignified social position,—in the stirring times of which Sir Walter Scott has told us,—the bagpipe player was one of the important personages in the chieftain's retinue; and these may be considered as the palmy days of the instrument.

Within the region more strictly known as the Highlands, its shrill note was the first sound that fell on the ears of infancy; it charmed the rude Caledonians in times of joy, and comforted them in scenes of mourning; it animated their heroes in battle, and welcomed them back from their conflicts; and wherever their chiefs went it accompanied them, even to the grave.

The effect of this wild instrument on the Highland soldiers is marvellous. Above the rattle of musketry and the turmoil and roar of the battle-field, the inspiring notes of the pibroch have spoken encouragement to the Highlanders, and led them bravely forward. At the battle of Quebec, when the troops were retreating in disorder, and the conflict had a most discouraging aspect, the general complaint was about the demoralization in Fraser's corps.

"Sir," said an officer, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play. Nothing inspirits the Highlanders so much. Even now they would be of some use."

"Let them blow, then," said the general.

So the pipers started a well-known air; and the Highlanders rallied, and bravely returned to the charge.

Musical Record.

THE STARS.

ALL night long the little stars blink:
All night long they twinkle and wink;
All night long, when we're fast asleep,
Through the cracks in the shutters they peep, peep,
peep,
But what do they do when daylight comes?

When the sun wakes up, and the big round eye
Stares and stares at the big round sky,
The little stars nestle right down in their nest,
And their bright eyes close while they rest, rest, rest.
And that's what they do when the daylight comes.

Primary Education.

For Every Other Sunday.

IN THE COUNTRY FOR A MONTH.

(YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.)

FLORENCE was an invalid, and a patient one, too. She was paralyzed on one side, and was wheeled in a rolling-chair.

She was sitting in her chair on the piazza this bright, sunny morning, with a shawl thrown over her shoulders, when her twin brother Jack rushed up. He could not speak for a while, he was so out of breath.

"What is the matter, Jack? What is it?" said his sister.

"Oh, I'll tell you when I get my breath."

Soon Jack recovered himself, and began: "I was in papa's office when grandpa telephoned that he wanted you and me to come up there in the country and spend a month with him. He thinks it will do you good. Is n't it fine?"

"Well, I should think so," replied Florence; "and when are we going to start?"

"Day after to-morrow, if mamma will let us. I'm going now to tell her about it. I'll be out in a minute, sis."

"I wonder what ma will say," said Florence to herself.

At last Jack came out, and burst into a joyous "She'll let us go! She'll let us go!" and ended with "Hurrah!"

The next day was full of excitement. The twins were whispering about something very mysteriously. Their mother that afternoon had been packing up. The next morning early, by the 8.20 train, they started for grandpa's. Florence was rolled to the station in her chair; then it was checked and put on the baggage-car. The conductor lifted Florence up the steps, and seated her in the car. They sped along over the ground at a great rate. The first station they stopped at was the place of getting out. They caught a glimpse of grandpa's carriage as they went by. "Grafton Arms! Grafton Arms!" called

the conductor; and he was ready again to lift Florence down the steps and over to the carriage. The rolling-chair was hitched on back, and off they started.

"Now, grandpa, we have a secret, which we will confide to you when we get to the farmhouse," said Jack.

Perhaps you remember that they had been whispering at home. This is the thing they were speaking about. "You must n't tell any one but grandma," said Florence.

"No, no; of course I would n't, child."

The farmhouse was a white one, tucked in behind some elm-trees. The farmer had twenty acres of land. He had large strawberry and raspberry beds, a beautiful orchard, a hay-field, pasture, and lovely hills that stood at the back of the house.

They drove in at the gate; and how nice it was to see that old white farmhouse again! Grandma was standing in the doorway, waiting to welcome them. While grandpa was unhitching the rolling-chair, Jack told him the secret. Grandma had come down to listen.

This was what he said: "Before we came we planned that sister should try each day to stand, and gradually to walk. Do you think we shall have enough time to do it in?"

"Yes, indeed," said grandpa; "I agree with you heartily."

As it was about time for supper, they went in. Oh, my, what a nice supper that was! Strawberries and cream, and what good bread! Nobody could have enjoyed that supper as much as the twins did. Oh, what appetites they did have! Grandma showed them their rooms; and, as they were tired, they went to bed early. Soon they were sound asleep.

Now we will leave them with a guardian angel to watch over them, and creep downstairs.

Grandpa said: "I guess that girl will be able to walk before she gets home."

"Perhaps so," said grandma.

Soon the old folks went to bed too, and the old white farmhouse was very still.

The twins woke up early the next morning, and it was a very beautiful day, or promised to be; but they did not get up earlier than the farmer, for they heard him go out the door. Jack dressed himself quickly, and helped Florence. Then he made her try to stand.

"Oh, it hurts me so!" said Florence.

"Yes, I know; but try it once more," said Jack.

She tried it once more; and then they went out to the barn, and saw the farmer milking. They each had a cupful of warm milk at the table.

After breakfast the farmer said: "I think we will go to drive to-day. Jack, you can drive for me."

"Oh, what fun! But who will take care of the house?" said Florence.

"Oh, grandma will."

They started off that morning bright and early, much regretting that they had to leave grandma behind. They turned off on a branch of the main road, and came to a beautiful lake covered with pond-lilies. Then they got out, and placed Florence against a house, and spread a shawl for her to sit on. Grandpa and Jack got a flat-bottomed boat, and went out on the lake to get a bunch of lilies; and, oh, my, what a bunch they did bring! It was twice as large as your head. They drove back in the carriage, feeling very happy; and there was grandma in the doorway, and a nice dinner awaiting them inside.

So the days went by. Each day Florence tried to walk, till one sunny morning she walked to the barn leaning on Jack's arm.

At last the end of the month came, and they had to go home. They were all very sorry indeed. The last good-bys were fairly said, and the train started.

When they got out, Florence was wheeled in the rolling-chair, because they did not want the surprise to come too soon. Their mother welcomed them heartily, and then Jack revealed the surprise. The mother clasped Florence in her arms, and tears of joy ran down her cheeks.

"All thanks to you, Jack," she said.

Just then the father came in.

"Well, children, have you had a good time?"

"A lovely time," they said.

Florence was so happy she walked straight into her father's arms without help, and without knowing it; and Jack gave a parcel to the maid, containing a dozen boxes of strawberries which grandpa had sent.

MARGARET E. SAYWARD (ten years old).

For Every Other Sunday.

A WINTER FAIRY TALE.

(YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.)

TEN thousand little fairy boats,
That all were painted white,
Came floating on a fairy sea
To this dear world one night.

They had for crew the fairies bright,
And theirs the fairy king;
They made the merry dance go on,
And loud their laugh did ring.

Lo! when the morning from the east
Came creeping through the sky,
It found the snow upon the ground
All heaped up very high.

FLORENCE H. LUSCOMB.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

You have never seen the Editor's Park? Never seen his Garden? We are sorry; you have missed a great deal. Let the Editor tell you about them.

The entrance to the garden is a mile long, and extends under trees so close to one another that the boughs make an arch all the way. Children play in the broad walk, nurses trundle cooing babies, old people sit on the benches, young ladies pass along with books and bundles, while the leaves flutter and the birds chirp overhead.

At the end of this lovely pathway is the gate to the Garden. It is part iron and part stone, quite handsome, with a vine-covered fence running out a long distance on either side. As you enter, right in front is a bronze figure of George Washington, mounted on a bronze horse,—a splendid statue, larger than life. Off at the left a fountain splashes and spatters and cools the air; off at the right a jet of water rushes up and tosses a ball steadily on the top stream. As you walk along, mounds of flowers are seen,—tulips and pansies by the hundreds. The grass is like green velvet. There is a suspension bridge over a sparkling sheet of water. On the pond swan-boats glide to and fro with happy children swinging their hats. Graceful trees give shade for many tired persons.

The Garden is a poem, a song, a picture. Am I not fortunate? But you may ask, How can the Editor afford all this? Here is the secret. It is his Garden, and the Park is his beyond the Garden,—full of green acres, great trees, and shady walks; but he owns these with a great many other people. Yet he walked through both this morning and found no one in the way. The Editor has been describing the Public Garden and Common in Boston. The blazing tulips, the swan-boats, statues, gravel walks, and splashing fountains, all belong to the city, and the Editor is a part of the city. Come one and all and visit these beautiful spots!

By the way, young people, did you ever think that we own what we see and enjoy? On the finest street, in the fairest grounds, in the great picture gallery, we own what we can get out of it all; no one owns or enjoys any more. We feel that way in public libraries and grand cathedrals.

Miss Ruth Pierce, of Middleboro', Mass., writes and tells the Editor that EVERY OTHER SUNDAY made a mistake in saying that Benjamin Franklin died in 1799; the date should be 1790. She is right. 'T was a slip of the pen or types. Miss Pierce sends an interesting account of Franklin's life. We have received other biographies of Franklin, since our last number, from B. Marion Smiley, of Bangor, Me., and Third Class, Unitarian Sunday School, Andover, N. H.,—all so good that we are right sorry not to print them, but space is lacking. We compliment our young readers on their interest and ability. Who

will send to us descriptions of Notre Dame, Paris, a picture of which is published in this number?

Our mail-bag has contained many pleasant, personal letters of late. Here is one from Toronto, Canada, in which a young lady teacher says many kind things about EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. We thank her for the sunshine of her good will, and return our congratulations that the Sunday School of Toronto has her for a teacher, so earnest and hopeful. Take a large view, do not look at little obstacles, love the cause!

Another friend sends tidings from South Hooksett, N. H., about the earnest band of Sunday-School workers there, who have started in afresh with new officers, and forty dollars in the treasury. That last item is a cheering one. Success to our South Hooksett young people, and may they continue to read EVERY OTHER SUNDAY until old age!

Do not omit reading Mrs. Wells's article on Summer Sports; you will get a clear idea of what Boston is doing for the poor children of the city. Charlesbank, and the rest, are also a part of the Editor's real estate and property. We invite you to all that this summer!

LETTER-BOX.

BARNARD MEMORIAL, BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR EDITOR,—I enclose the answers to the puzzles in Vol. XII, No. 15. It was a good idea of Eva Johnson to make an enigma out of "Constantinople." Only one girl in our class could tell what country in Europe it is the capital of.

Yours truly,

MARION CLARK (ten years old).

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

DEAR EDITOR,—I send one anagram puzzle and the answers to the enigmas in No. 14 of the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. I read it always, and like it very much indeed. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School in Hamilton. I am ten years old.

Yours sincerely,

EVA M. HARRIS.

WEST UPTON, MASS.

DEAR EDITOR,—I send you an enigma, and hope you will find it correct. It is the first one I ever tried. I have much pleasure in reading the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School. I am ten years old. Mr. Knight is our pastor.

Yours truly,

MARION HUMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Enclosed in this envelope you will find the following enigma, which I hope you will find suitable enough to print.

From your most affectionate reader,

HAROLD N. HILLEBRAND (ten years old).

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR EDITOR,—I enclose two anagrams, which I hope will be good enough to print. I get the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY at our Sunday School. I belong to the Unitarian Church of Cleveland, Ohio. I am ten years old. I have attended the Unitarian Church for about three years. I thank you for your beautiful stories and puzzles. I remain

Your reader,

SARA RUSBATCH.

CURIOUS AND INTERESTING PUZZLE.

HENRY, upon being asked the number of boys in his Sabbath-School class, said:—

"If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number of barley measures which Boaz gave Ruth, divide this by the number of Haman's sons, subtract the number of clean beasts that went into the ark, multiply by the number of men who went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven, subtract from this Joseph's age at the time when he was before Pharaoh, add the number of stones in David's bag when he went to kill Goliath, subtract the number of furlongs Bethany is distant from Jerusalem, divide by the number of anchors cast out in time of Paul's shipwreck, subtract the number of people saved in the ark, and the remainder will be the number of boys in the class." How many were there?—*Exchange*.

ANAGRAM.

RBAE ey eon tasheron dbsune adn os luifll eth wla fo Rchsti.

RUTH PIERCE.

ENIGMA XXXIX.

I AM composed of eight letters.

My 8, 5, 7, 1, is part of a plant.

My 4, 3, is to depart.

My 6, 3, 1, 7, is a term used in astronomy.

My 1, 3, 6, is a Spanish gentleman.

My 4, 2, 6, is a spirit, a snare.

My 1, 3, 8, 5, is sent by your doctor.

My 8, 2, 4, 6, is a symbol, a token.

My whole is a Grecian philosopher.

C. C.

ENIGMA XL.

I AM composed of twenty-four letters.

My 10, 7, 21, 13, 20, 12, is a boy's name.

My 15, 11, 3, 18, is not short.

My 1, 2, 22, 20, 17, is a girl's name.

My 19, 20, 15, 22, 11, 6, is a male.

My 4, 23, 16, 13, is part of a plant.

My 24, 14, 5, is wherefore.

My 9, 16, 8, is turf.

My whole is the name of a poet.

GERTRUDE B. ELLIS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 17.

Enigma XXXVI. The Sermon on the Mount.

Anagram. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

PI PUZZLE.

O moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?

I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

WORD-BUILDING.

T
To
Toe
Tore
Store
Stored
Storied

BOOK-TABLE.

ADDRESSES AND ILLUSTRATIVE STORIES will be found exceedingly helpful to Sunday-School teachers and to parents who wish at hand excellent reading for children,—reading that truly informs the mind and exalts its tone. Julie Rawlings has made the selection, and it comprises a large variety of stories, poems, biographies, and incidents. The rule governing the compilation has been one of consistent and serious purpose. These brief addresses "point a moral" in an interesting way. The volume ought to be in Sunday-School libraries as a resource for teachers in enforcing lessons and enlivening instruction.

(London: Sunday-School Association. pp. 174. Cloth. Price, 75 cents. Copies can be ordered of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.)

THE COMBINATION BIBLE is a sumptuous volume, bound in fine leather, and every way adapted to the needs of Sunday-School teachers. The peculiarities of this edition which contribute to its value are as follows: The King James text is given on the page in large type, and also at the bottom the changes of the Revised Version in every instance, as the publishers say, "enabling all readers to see at a glance wherein the two versions differ." This arrangement brings the book into sufficiently small dimensions to allow of easy handling. All names of persons and places are "self-pronouncing." There is a concordance of over forty thousand references, also many maps, engravings, glossary, etc. Among the numerous modern aids to improved teaching methods in Sunday Schools, this publication must take high rank, and will find a wide welcome. It has already received warm commendations from the best authorities.

(For further information, price, etc., address National Publishing Company, 239 Levant Street, Philadelphia, Pa.)

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(A BI-WEEKLY.)

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